

Yellow is the brightest colour

of sand, mustard, sunlight;
doubtless dandelions, canaries; too
dizzy yellow of pollen-drunk bees, a cloud of
Clouded Yellows flutter-by your pages
past derelict railway lines and rowdy suburban grassland, Gorse
balms a hot summer's day; all dense hairy spines
sulphurous and sharp, nonconformist -

'silence is golden, not yellow' (Jarman)

yellowed fingers from too many cigarettes
the ones before the *One Cigarette*;
look, there's one in Frank Auerbach's hand
paint-splashed from yesterday's old
joy and death go head to head
whilst outside the eye yellow hovers
colour-blind -- we just can't
see it!

#3471

it's there though in between red and green
and you trust the feel of it
beneath the fingers of Rosa Kuleshova
beneath the fingers of Gustav Arvai
as they 'read' a newspaper blindfolded
in silence, with arm outstretched
the sensory and visual all mixed up
just like your
scrapbooks --

#3404

#3544

slowing down breath of apples
so they last a little longer; preserving
bruised hands of golden 7st 7lbs
Wattie Stuart teenage boxer the,
not far from a kilted Cassius Clay
stinging like a bee whilst he spars
so confidently and -- well now,
the

#253

#3525

#3457

hand of Gherman Titov on the tele
phone to Mr Kruschev
a buttered floating fly
mid-sentence as man in suit hugs
hippopotamus and hand-held owl of
Picasso says nothing -- no need --
all hierarchy undone in a state of
yellow.

#3331

#3497

#3397

